

"THE
HARVEST
INDEED
IS
GREAT,
BUT
THE
LABORERS
ARE
FEW.

"PRAY
YE
THEREFORE

The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa

PUBLISHED BY

THE WHITE SISTERS OF AFRICA

METUCHEN,

::

::

NEW JERSEY

THE
LORD
OF
THE
HARVEST,
THAT
HE
SEND
LABORERS
INTO
HIS
HARVEST."

St. Luke x-2

Recommendation of His Excellency the Bishop Of Trenton, N. J.

Dear Reverend Mother:

I am indeed pleased to recommend most heartily the Apostolic work of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. You are laboring in your own quiet way, and in accordance with the wishes of our Holy Father, Pius XI, gloriously reigning, solely that Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, may be better known and better loved by those for whom he gave His life on the Cross that all men might have life, and have it more abundantly.

Any assistance given you will be rewarded by the Saviour Himself, who has promised: "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, amen, I say to you, he shall not lose his reward." I am sure such a labor of love needs no further commendation to the good priests and faithful people of the Diocese of Trenton.

Wishing you every blessing in your noble work, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠ MOSES E. KILEY,

Bishop of Trenton.

July 24, 1934.

Contents

MZAB AND MZABITES	Page 79
By Sr. Mary Albina, W. S.	
EXTRACT FROM THE MISSION DIARY	Page 82
THE CRUSADE CONVENTION	Page 82
THE VIRTUES OF GUY DE FONTGALLAND	
By Rev. L. L. McReavy	Page 83
CHOOSE YOUR NAME!	
By Sr. Christian, W. S.	Page 83
TERESIA	
By Sr. M. St. Eucher, W. S.	Page 84
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	Page 84

SEVERAL GOOD WAYS TO HELP THE MISSIONARY SISTERS

PRAYER:—Without the grace of God the Missionaries could do nothing whatever for the salvation of souls. By praying for them you bring down God's blessing upon them and their apostolic labors.

SUFFERINGS:—To unite one's sufferings, trials and hardships to those of Jesus on the Cross and offer them for the salvation of pagan and Mohammedan souls.

ALMS:—If no one would support the Missionaries they could again do nothing.

THE ANNUAL SUPPORT OF A SISTER	\$125.00
THE ANNUAL SUPPORT OF A DISPENSARY	40.00
TO RANSOM A YOUNG GIRL FOR A CATHOLIC MARRIAGE	20.00
TO SUPPORT A LEPER IN A HUT FOR A MONTH	2.00
TO PROVIDE BREAD FOR A CHILD MONTHLY	1.00
TO CLOTHE A CHILD FOR FIRST HOLY COMMUNION	1.00
TO KEEP A SANCTUARY LAMP BURNING FOR A MONTH	1.00
BY BECOMING A PROMOTER OR MEMBER	

OF A MISSION GUILD OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA.

YOUR LAST WILL:—It is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. Remember the works of charity of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa in making your Will. And when life, that precious time to merit has passed away for you, the Sisters, whom you have helped, will continue to do good in your name and you will share in their prayers, works and sacrifices.

OLD JEWELRY:—Why treasure away broken and old-fashioned gold or silver jewelry when it can be transformed into chalices or ciboriums to shelter the Eucharistic King? Would not the memory of loved ones be more honored by sacrificing their cherished souvenirs for so sacred a cause than by letting them lay useless in some corner?

Missionary Guilds of Our Lady of Africa

A Mission Guild of Our Lady of Africa is established to help the Missions under the special protection of Our Lady, Queen of Africa. Just as every other guild or club, there must be a President and other officers. There must also be promoters, who try to get as many members as possible.

The members of the Guild promise to contribute a certain small amount for Our Lady's Missions every week. As a reminder of their promise and at the same time to facilitate the putting aside of this small sum, the members, at their enrollment in the Guild, receive a little bag in which they may keep their weekly offering. At the close of every ten weeks, the promoters collect the total for the missions.

A meeting is called for the promoters to give in the offerings of their members, which is then sent to the Sisters. This meeting may also be a little social gathering for the Promoters.

Who would miss five or ten cents a week? However, this sum, although small in itself, when donated by a number of people each week, becomes no less than a fortune in Missionland.

Who can estimate the number of hearts, living tabernacles, in which God will reign, simply because a nickle or dime was put aside each week for the missions? And who can conceive

the reward that Our Lady of Africa will obtain from her Divine Son for those who help to extend His Kingdom among the Mohammedans and pagans.

SPECIAL FAVORS ARE GRANTED TO PROMOTERS BY THE HOLY SEE.

(a) A plenary Indulgence may be gained under the usual conditions on

(A) the day of their enrollment as promoters.

(B) the following Feasts: Immaculate Conception, Saint Augustine, Saint Monica, Saint Peter, and Saint Francis Xavier.

The Masses said for Promoters after their death at any Altar will procure for their souls the same favors as if the Masses were said on Privileged Altars.

FOR ORDINARY MEMBERS

Three Masses are said every month for the living and deceased members. Moreover, they share in the apostolic labors of all the Sisters of the Congregation and in the prayers said for them in all the convents of the Congregation.

The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa



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Mzab and Mzabites

ROCK, stones, here and there bouquets of tamarinas, a wild and inhospitable nature, such is Mzab. But here unexpectedly rises an oasis: green palm trees, white houses, gardens with many "segua" or trenches, a large cemetery whose gray tombs are brightened by a number of white monuments, and above all this, the mighty and protective gesture of the obelisk. This is Berriane, one of the seven Mzabite cities.

Further on, by an unexpected turn, upon a vast circus of rocky mountains another city rises up: Ghardaia. Hastily we admire it because, being but a beautiful mirage, the vision disappears. When it returns, it appears nearer and even more attractive.

The capital of Mzab, hooked to the flanks of the mountain, has a distinguishing factor which only its sister cities can reproduce. Three of these Melika, Beni-Isguen, Bou-Noura, are perched on the surrounding mountains at one, three, and six miles, while El Atteuf, counting nine miles, refuses to join this pretty sight. Berriane at fifty miles and Gerrare at ninety, in the direction of Touggourt, seem isolated from this Mzabite "Bloc."

In the rather faded green of the palm trees Ghardaia appears: a piling up of light-colored houses, the grayish tan and the pale blue blending in one soft color. The city itself, or "qcar", is without any vegetation; but at its feet, in the surroundings there is found enough verdure so that, in a strong light, under a very blue sky, the general impression is one of real beauty.

This frame of sober almost austere lines, these dwellings close to the pyramidal minaret with horned angles, form the general physiognomy of the Mzabite cities. Surrounded by a walled enclosure of which the gates are closed each evening, they possess a single principal mosque, only one minaret. If we see two in Ghardaia, that is because the old one was considered too small and was replaced by the colossal tower which, today, proudly dominates its surroundings.

The mosque, a veritable fort, occupies with its dependents a large place on the summit of the city. On its grounds is found the grotto of Daia whose name was given to the city, "Ghar Daia." The story has different versions, but the following seems to prevail:

On the highest point of a rocky desert, a light was seen shining through the night. This phenomenon had intrigued many, when one day, a young man impelled by curiosity was courageous enough to climb up in order to solve the mystery. He found a young woman there, Lalla Daia, who was living alone in the shade of a grotto. He married her and was happy, says the story.

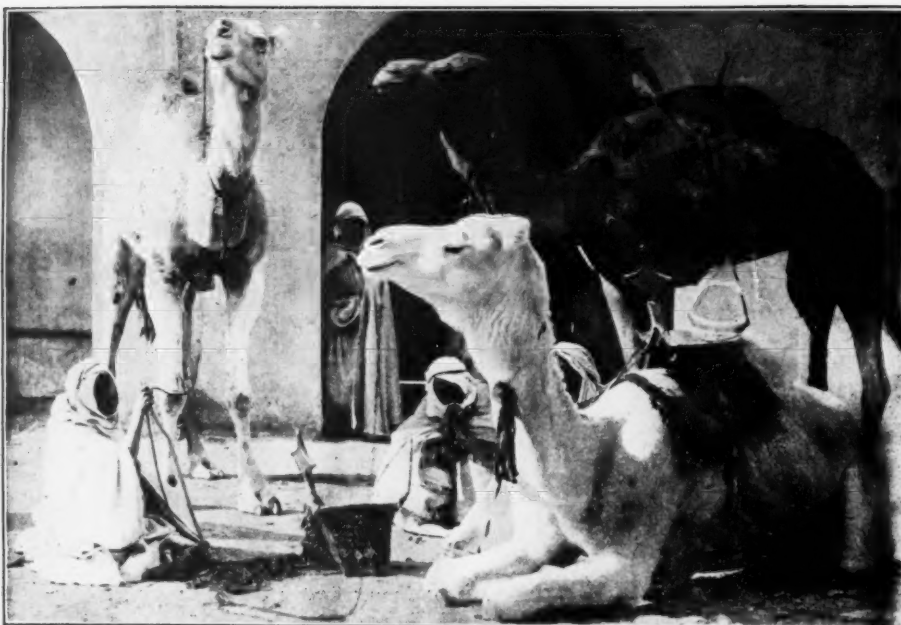
The descendants of this first house have so well peopled the big rock that it disappears entirely under its shell of dwellings. Of the primitive cave of the beautiful hermit, there remains only an insignificant cleft, always venerated by the pious Mzabites, who leave there their offerings for the poor. The opening is surmounted by two small niches which shelter the watchmen.

At this higher point of the city there are only sombre caves and humid vaults. In the evening when absolutely necessary, street lamps are lighted; simple hollows in the wall or rock enclose oil and a wick. In daylight this illumination is not at all poetic; it leaves its traces in large blackish trails which are super-imposed one upon the other in thick and brilliant crusts.

Further down, the narrow streets get entangled and are subdivided into many impasses, which resemble one another. The same grim walls, the same massive doors are found from one quarter to the other, but what is a rare exception is one timid window facing the public route. Moreover, never does the hand of a woman lift the curtain, for it is the room where "The lord and master" receives his friends.

There are few passersby in this high part of the city where the neighboring mosque stands heavily. On the contrary, it is the chosen retreat of serious people with sombre tread. Their demeanor is well taken care of, and the turban or "Hafia" which surmounts their austere faces, is of linen, and this peculiarity marks them as "Tolbas." There are twelve principal ones who constitute an incontestable moral authority. They unravel the most complicated cases of conscience and judge the infractions of the Mohammedan law.

The "R'ssalat" or washers of the dead, who have authority over the women, defer to them cases of a certain gravity which are beyond their powers.



Nomads come with their camels.

Commerce is carried on in the lower part of the city; groceries and drugs are displayed on the sidewalk, white truffle, small nuts, and bark of trees and peelings of pomegranate for dyeing. The clientele is entirely masculine. The women have their own shops which, exteriorly, cannot be distinguished from private dwellings. They are received there by a respectable matron who has all that can be useful or agreeable to them a rich assemblage of things known and unknown which defy inventory.

The greater part of the commercial streets come to an end in the market, a large place picturesquely surrounded by white arcades. On Fridays traffic is heavy for Nomads come from Gell with their camels loaded with salt mixed with sand, wood, grass, and seasonings, especially red pimento.

The cattle are quite scarce. Donkeys, goats, and camels await buyers who always have time to decide. The camels dominate the coming and going, and when they briskly lower their heads, it is to gather a bunch of greens which a child clasps tightly in his hands. "Bad example is contagious," and so, in order to safeguard the welfare of others, the keepers have to apply their whips to these big greedy necks.

In the corner shoemakers repair shoes which are out of repair: sandals of raw skin, made for treading the sand. Besides those to "be made over" there are new ones being made from fresh skins stretched in the sun, and which belonged once to a sheep, a goat, or a camel.

On one side of the place white stones are arranged in a semi-circle; they are seats. They were formerly occupied by the ancients who assembled there to discuss public affairs. So that the spirit of the dead might inspire the living, these stones were taken from the cemetery. Among the Arabs, who come to offer their wares, the Mzabites cir-

culate important and satisfied. Those who, in the north, are scornfully called "Moutchous" are at home here and that is quit noticeable.

All these Berberes . . . dressed in maroon and with white muslin caps, faithfully recall the Mzabite type: small and stocky, I have heard them compared, irreverently but not unreasonably, to "Pots of tobacco." A characteristic feature of their pale faces is the short black beard which does not cover their mouths but starts at the base of the chin.

They show such an aptitude for business and so

much intelligence in transactions that a Jewish temperament could be attributed to them. At home they are occupied mainly and willingly with agriculture, but going into the north where they spend part of their time keeping shop, they are mainly merchants.

Mzab, a poor country if there ever was one, cannot feed the people whom it welcomed in their flight in the eleventh century and who remain attached to it in spite of all. The men have to go out of their country to the large cities of the seacoast. Most of them become rich and one does not find with the Mzabites that misery so prevalent among Arab and Kabyle families.

Their rabidness for gain does not go without pain and work; they know how to furnish both of them. Exertion followed by a palpable profit does not frighten these men for whom the "Yield" is everything.

A rich native of Ghardaia, possessor of the most beautiful gardens of El Golea, receiving two unknown plants set them on the ground, what was going to come from them? . . . he was happy to be enlightened by the Sisters who identified them. He wished precise details, but every minute he interrupted the useless descriptions, to ask impatiently and greedily "Yes, but what will they give me?" "Fruits, large ones which, without a doubt, will sell at a good price . . . if they will grow outside of Soudan, their country.

The same prudent owner knows how to choose the lesser of two evils: "Have you guards on your property?" "No, Sister, because a guard steals at his ease and takes much more than a marauder who is afraid of being caught."

The heads of the families travel very often, the little boys follow their fathers to Algiers, Oran, Tunis, etc., and from that day forth have an importance

which no one would dream of denying. The women and little girls always remain at home.

Their severe seclusion has one major reason, to guard Mزاب, in keeping safe its homes. It is thanks to this rigid fidelity that the men return there on vacations, or to find rest. It has been truly said that the day the women would be allowed to follow their husbands to the north, would be the end of Mزاب. To escape even the idea of such a fate, excommunication threatens the men who would dream of allowing such an imprudence. A woman who would wish to withdraw herself from the noble task of "Guardian of the country" would, it seems, expose herself to death.

The great anxiety of a Mزابite seems to be to defend the women against all foreign influence. It is considered normal to have a wife in the south and one in the north, but to bring to the south an "Emancipated one" from the north would be again extremely blameworthy.

If the little boys willingly frequent the Missionary Fathers' schools, not a little girl is to be found in the workroom which is filled only with little Arabs. The girls are not, however, raised in idleness; at home, near their mother, they learn to spin and to weave . . . but outside, no.

In the oasis, during the summer months, several young girls in the neighborhood of the Sisters' house are very willing to cross the threshold and to become interested in the games which are loaned to them. After forty-four years in the country, it is the only contact which the Sisters have been able to make.

The dispensary has more success. But even here there are many precautions which have to be taken, many concessions which have to be made. The Mزابite women go out only in secret and hide even from the Arab women. They ask to be received early, before there is a crowd at the door, and if they happen to be late, they prefer to go without treatment rather than to mix with the sick who await their turn.

The clientele increases in the oasis because there is no mixture there; only the Missionaries are tolerated there since an unfortunate person, who paid dearly for it, introduced them in selling the land.

If Ghardaia has all the importance of a capital, Beni-Isguen is preeminent as the Holy City. There the houses are more beautiful, the streets wider, and the people more fanatical.

The walls, whitened with lime, which surround these proud dwellings are drilled here and there with holes in order that the dirt may be thrown out of the city where everything is "Pure." Unfortunately the virtue of the puritan inhabitants is only on the surface. Even when passing one of those mighty Sidi with his cold look of superiority, one can not help but think sadly of the words of our Lord. "Whitened sepulchres."

In Beni-Isguen, today, there are still some doors which are closed to the Sisters with frightened cries of protestations "No, nol go away!" Others are opened inadvertently or are found open; white veils have been seen but no one appears. The "assalamou alikoum!" remains without a reply. There is nothing left to do but to go away, the unformulated invitation is none the less clear.

Finally, it happens that the women are happy to receive the Sisters; but a man, with an embarrassed but resolute air, comes to beg them to go away thanking them for their visit.

A little further, on the side, Bou-Noura appears, less in evidence than the others but harboring all the same the Mزابite note of distinction. Nearer to Ghardaia, is Melika, "The little Queen," boldly perched on a crest. She haughtily raises her gracious silhouette which is original because of the unique palm tree which grows up from the houses at the foot of the minaret. Its inhabitants are congenial and rub shoulders rather willingly with the "Rouamas" or Catholics.

At times, among the Mohammedans, Arabs or Kabyles upright people are met with: souls of good will who could indeed be part of the soul of the Church, if not of her body. Such was a poorly clothed native who, on a clear Sunday in June, met the Corpus Christi procession. Instead of passing by indifferently or mocking it, he stopped, went down into the ditch and, with his "checia" in his hands

(Continued on page 82)



The Guardians of Mزاب.

Extract From the Mission Diary

Taguemount Azouz — Ouardia, one of our lace-makers wishes to become a Christian. Her father wanted to marry her to a Moslem; but she refused to obey him, declaring she would follow the religion of "Sidna Aissa" (Our Lord Jesus) and that she would



Ouardia

marry none other than a Christian. Her father ill-treated her and threatened her with a revolver. "Kill me if you wish," she said, "then I shall be sure of going to heaven." She made the sign of the cross and waited for death. The young Moslem, whom her father wished her to marry, was a witness to this scene and he struck up the revolver which the father would have fired. We pray earnestly for this girl who has to struggle so bitterly for her faith, as well as for her two sisters who wish to follow her example.

Ouad'hias — In the village of Abd-el-Krim a young man is dying of consumption. Sister Thomas has begun to instruct him. His brother, who assisted at the lesson, was happy to say: "I know what you are talking about; I learned that with the Fathers."

Today the invalid being alone with his mother, Sister suggested that he be baptized. He accepted readily and the regenerating water was poured over his head.

"Now that you are a Catholic," Sister told him, "be careful not to say the Mohammedan prayer. Your relatives, your neighbors and the Marabout will try to make you recite it." "Oh, fear not, I only want to see the Fathers and the Sisters. If other visitors come to see me, I shall pretend to be asleep."

Then he said to his nurse: "You know, Sister, I was not fortunate enough to go to the Fathers like my brother. I was a shepherd. One day some children were working with a Sister near the field where I kept my sheep. On leaving they passed through my field. After they were out of sight, I saw something shining on the ground; it was a cross

like yours on a string. I could not leave my sheep to bring it to the Sisters, and I knew I could not show it at home. I concealed it on me until my sheep were safely locked for the night; then I ran to the convent with the cross. I cannot tell you how happy the Sister was to get back her cross. At that time, I did not understand her joy but now I know and I love it, too." He kissed the Sister's crucifix. "All day long I tell God how much I love Him; I offer my sufferings and I ask Him to keep a little corner in heaven for me."

Biskra — As we were leaving church after mass, we heard the chapel bell ringing wildly. We were startled and wondered what had happened, when a man appeared with potatoes to sell. He explained the mystery: "I came here to sell my potatoes. Someone told me to ring the Sisters' bell. I saw this bell; so I rang it."

Mzab and Mzabites

(Continued from page 81)

and his head bowed, seemed by his manner of humble respect to take part in this religious manifestation whose deep sense escaped him. And those who, following the procession of the King of Love, saw this poor native, attracted by the Host, could not help whispering to him: "You are not far from the Kingdom of Heaven."

Entirely different is the impression which the Mzabites in general give. It seems that if they knew the prayer of the Pharisee in the Gospel: "Lord, I thank you that I am not like the rest of men." They would instinctively make it their own. They seem further away from the truth than others, satisfied to remain in error, happy to be "Believers" and justified by their faith in Mohammed.

To look for justice, one must be hungry and thirsty . . . and the Mzabites appear so self-satisfied.

Will their souls never feel then that thirst which the Master made the Samaritan woman feel? Why should we not hope for it . . . ask it with a fervor of supplication, proportionate to the difficulties to be overcome.

SR. MARY ALBINA, W. S.

The Crusade Convention

Having received a cordial invitation to exhibit the work of the African Missions at the Tenth National Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade which will be held in Cleveland, Ohio, August 17 - 20, 1937, we are looking forward to the pleasure of meeting with many of our friends and of making new ones.

The memory of the great faith and zeal which was displayed at the National Eucharistic Congress in Cleveland in 1935 gives hopes that the forthcoming Convention, with its glorious message to American youth, will expand the common cause of the missions for which we all are fighting: "That all may know the Saviour of the world."

The Virtues of Guy de Fontgalland (Continued)

"ONE FELT," says his mother, "that he was only saying what he wanted to say, and in the way he wanted to say it." He was feeling his way, careful never to rush into statement. Indeed they used to call him "the future diplomat," "the ambassador" so careful was he to avoid making rash assertions, or "putting his foot in it."



Moreover he began, consciously or unconsciously, to hide his singularity under a cloak of semi-indifference. "Guy was profoundly pious," writes one of his governesses, "his inquiring mind veered constantly towards religion. He had a faith, a supernatural understanding, well above his years. But he affected 'not to bother,' pretended a sort of cynicism, what I would call 'spiritual modesty,' not wanting his thoughts to be penetrated, lest he might be misunderstood. Naturally an ardent, passionate type, he kept himself in control, and succeeded in it so well that one had to know him thoroughly, not to believe him in the easy-going, indifferent, and yielding child that he appeared on the first acquaintance."

God has His own ways of protecting His chosen flowers from the false glare of the world. "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen," but few are content to remain so. The normal soul has need of a director, but not of the eyes of the world, and half the good which God might wrought in it is often spoiled for want of 'spiritual modesty' first fruit of prudence, itself first of the key virtues implanted in the soul at Baptism.

There are things not meant for the vulgar gaze, intimacies of love which lose their savour if they cease to be intimacies. "Secrets," as Guy said, "are meant for two, not for three." Like his Jesus, Guy too must live a hidden life. He succeeded. His mother perhaps, suspected something; there were little inadvertences, illuminating remarks which slipped out only to be negated at once by a childish prank, but the full reality remained his closely guarded secret until his hour was come.

"HUMILIS"

Father Rousseau, S. J., formerly spiritual director of the "INFANTS" at Franklin, said of Guy some time before his own death: "This soul, ignorant of itself, was so straight, so beautiful, so pure and so frankly humble, that knowing Guy to be intelligent, I often asked myself if the Divine Master was not permitting this fault in him (inattention in class), in order to preserve him in his delicious humility." God certainly does seem at times, to forego in his saints the greater degree of impeccability, that He may secure the greater degree of humility. For humility is the foundation of the spiritual life, and as S. Augustine points out, the higher God would

raise the spiritual edifice of this soul, the deeper must He dig the foundations of humility.

The act of humility is twofold: the intellectual admission of our essential nothingness as creatures which is common sense and easy; and the voluntary act by which we embrace the consequences, which has nothing to do with common sense, and is extraordinarily difficult. It is indeed so difficult that no one is ever naturally humble. A man may be naturally supine, but that is quite another thing. If he is genuinely humble, he is supernaturally humble; it is solely by the grace of God that he is what he is.

Olean, N. Y.

June 26, 1937.

Dear Sister:

A few weeks ago, I began a novena in honor of Guy to obtain a cure for my left ear, if it were for the glory of God.

During the novena to the Servant of God, the congestion gradually diminished; and at the end of the novena, I was completely cured.

I am most grateful for this favor; and I promised to have it published, trusting it will help the beatification of Guy de Fontgalland.

Yours sincerely,

M. H. E.

Choose Your Name !

Little black children, when not Christians, never have their fathers' names. They are given a name which is taken from any ordinary thing happening at the time when they are born.

Listen to some names as I call the roll at school—
Bright Spark — Born in the Night — Tiny Birdie —
Through the Rain — Crawling Creature — I Shall
Not Work — Two Cents — Four-yard Long —
Much bother.

In our missions, we drop the native names and after the Christian names we use the father's name. The Marys and Josephs and Margarets, are legions, so now the parents choose very unusual names for their children. It is stylish, they think, and the more difficult the name is to pronounce the better.

Here are a few for the little girls — Emeremtiana, Laetitia, Candida Euphrasia, Euphemia and Merilda.

The boys have no less odd names — Perfectus, Zachary, Polycarpus, Evarist, Liborio.

One day I asked a native mother where her youngest son was, for I wanted to speak to him. "He is somewhere about, Sister." She stepped out into the yard and shouted several times, "O Jerusalem, come here, O Jerusalem, do hurry!"

"But," I said, quite unable to hide my amusement, "Jerusalem is not a boy's name, is it?"

As Cyril came in from the yard his mother explained quite simply, "Here he is, Sister. You know there are two Cyrils in Karema now. In order to avoid confusion, we, their parents, agreed to have mine known as Cyril of Jerusalem and the other, Cyril of Alexandria. But all this is too long so one is called Jerusalem and the other, Alexandria."

SR. CHRISTIAN, W. S.

Teresia

Her mother being dead and her father at work in the forest some distance away, Teresia came to us when very young. Her quick smile and flashing eyes, her readiness to oblige her teachers and com-



Teresia and Friend

panions, even her harmless mischief endeared her to all.

Teresia's impulsive nature was a stranger to discipline; and while her class-mates pored over a puzzling problem or a difficult composition, her rippling laughter could be heard. A quiet hour between four walls was an eternity for her; so that when the bell rang for recess she was the first to take advantage of it. Dancing and skipping about like an elf, overflowing with good spirits, she made the most of her fifteen minutes of freedom. Though figures were an unfathomable mystery to her, she loved to read stories, which could be related to an admiring audience of brothers and sisters while they grouped around the evening fire.

One day I spoke to her seriously about trying to acquire good habits and of the necessity of making sacrifices to please the Infant Jesus. To my surprise, she listened to me intently; and some time later, lingering after her companions had left, she said to me: "Ma ma, nkenda kukolera Mungu." (I want to work for God, to become a nun) I took this as a passing fancy.

After vacation, Teresia returned. She had attained her twelfth year, but was still the same mischievous, laughter-loving girl. After a few days she came to me and repeated her wish to become a nun. This would seem a premature decision, were it not that in this country the majority of the girls are married at fourteen. "If you want to be a nun," I told her, "you must do your very best to be perfect. A future 'Mushomesa' (native Sister) must think seriously about her conduct; she must be at school on time; she must learn to obey and to think of others before herself; she must be ready to make sacrifices. Can you do all this, or shall we take one thing at a time: No more giggling in class. Will you promise that?"

"Yes, Sister."

At "filimbi", the first signal for class, Teresia was always there, even though it often meant forgoing

the last precious morsel of the "Bwita" in the cooking-pot. This year she must come to school morning and afternoon. Long, trying hours of silence for her, but for a whole month she was beyond reproach, and she even took it upon herself to sweep and put the class-room in order after school. I encouraged her to persevere in her efforts towards perfection. One day she came and asked me to give her a task for the month of November which was beginning. I praised her for what she had done and told her to choose some new duty to perform worthily. The next day I perceived that she had adopted a most dignified mien; perfect deportment was now to be her goal.

So many faults to correct, so many virtues to acquire, and yet so much to tempt and distract her, that I had to be indulgent when she did fail from time to time. However, one day a particularly noisy out-burst of laughter startled and scandalized her companions who were wrestling with the intricacies of a logical analysis. After class, I called her and said: "I have no more faith in your promises, Teresia." That was all, but as I turned away I saw a look of deep distress in her eyes. I was touched but showed her no pity and for a month she sought forgiveness, making truly heroic sacrifices to be perfect.

At last I felt it was time to reward her; and one day when she had been reading aloud, I said: "Very good, when you are a 'mushomesa,' you will be an excellent teacher for the little ones." Words cannot describe her delight at being allowed to hope once more of serving God in religion.

She was happy, ready to leave her father, brothers, and sisters, her home and her Island for the service of God.

If a religious vocation is a sublime dispensation of the will of God in Christian families, how much more admirable is it when it manifests itself in the heart of one so lately reclaimed from a life of ignorance, superstition and barbarism.

Let us pray for Teresia's perseverance. She is protected from evil while at the Mission school, but in her home she will be exposed to bad example and temptations. Let us pray for her!

SR. M. ST. EUCHER, W. S.

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The ransom of babies by:

Holy Family School, Springfield, Mass.
St. Bernard's School, Fitchburg, Mass.
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St. Mary's High School, Southbridge, Mass.
St. Joseph's School, Lee, Mass.
Mt. Carmel School, Williamansett, Mass.
The Barat Christ Child Mission Unit, Torresdale, Pa.
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